

A

Nest of Ninnies.

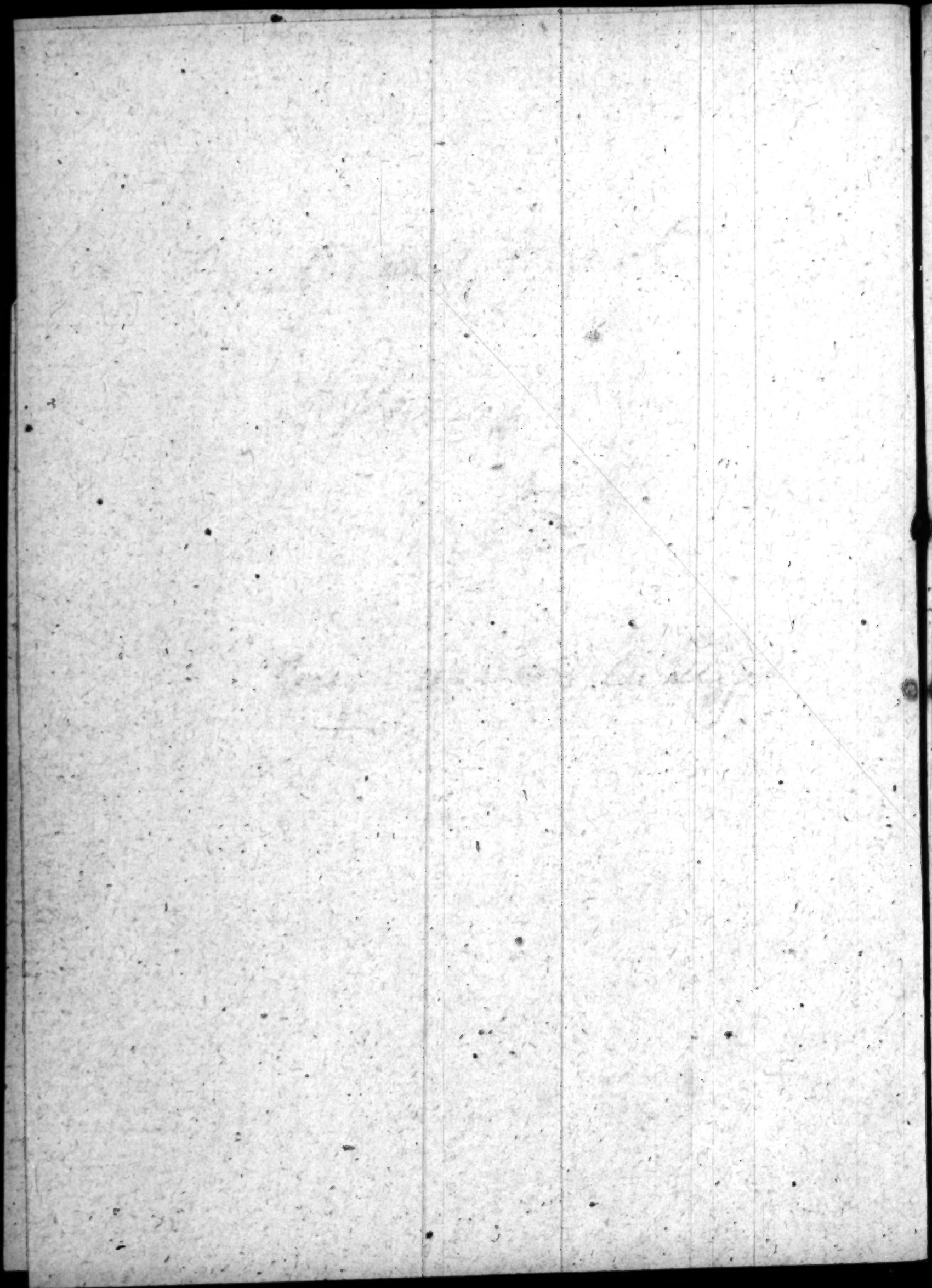
Simply of themselves without
Compound

Stultorum plena sunt omnia

By Robert Armin

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To the youthfull and rightly com-
pleat in all good gifts and graces, the gene-
rous Gentlemen of Oxenford, Cam-
bridge, and the Innes of Court.

Ro. Armin greeting.

(*)

1608

You first borne brothers of the highest skies,
Twins of best Ioue by blest Memoria,
From whom our glories and our linings rise,
Brothers and sonnes to him that brings the day,

(Phœbus) whom none can see but by your eyes,

You onely and you ever I shall pray

(And praying ever) that your Sunnie shine,

May beautifie our GLOBE in every line.

But what higher straine am I in when your selues haue set my
tongue lower?

Most liberall and well affected, I am brazd by your fauours
and made bould in your ostended curtesies, I haue scene you both
wayes as the Hare that squints on either side, marry to looke fore-
right I cannot because iudgement out-lookes mee. But as the Phi-
losopher squened at his curst wife in some feare, because of quiet,
so I fearefull presume not to looke into the milstone least I grauell
my eye sight. I haue scene the stars at midnight in your societies, and
might haue Commenst like an Asse as I was, but I lackt liberty in
that, yet I was admitted in Oxford so be of Christs Church, while
they of Al-soules gaue ayme, such as knew me remember my mea-
ning. I promised them to proue mad, and I thinke I am so, else I
would not meddle with Folly so deeply, but similis similem, &c.
If I doe offend as I make no question, my Pardon is signed I doubt

The Epistle to the Reader.

21

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21

not, marry there is an Execution yet behinde, and I long till I
passe my plundge, that is censure. They say he goes in collours. as
one strangely affected, and I goe in Motly making my own cloake-
bag ready, If hee prone porter and beare with me I shall rest be-
houlding, if not I am his Martir and suffer extreemly. I haue
Gentlemen in this booke gone through Ireland, if I doe sticke in the
bogs help me out, not with your Skene head me, that's the way to
spoyle all, but with your goad pricke me on to the true tract. And
you of our Innes of Court, nimble braind brands that burne without
smoking, I challenge of you neighbourly neerenesse, and therefore
dare say sumus in tuto. If you should flie out like rancke riders,
or rebell like the Irish, twere much because my presumption chal-
lenges better being in you. But since all is one, and one all, thats car'd
for, singlenesse hath such regard, I make a question, which if you
easily answer, I am satisfied, otherwise buried quicke, how euer
my loue looses not his labour, an Vniuersitie fire in the Winter,
and a Temple pot may warme good licour, in which you may drink
to me, and ile pledge you, I may liue to make you amends if not
no more but this, such a one died in your debt, and thats a
Countertenor many a one sings. Vale, as for
vide and vici let Cæsar at his next
arine so salute you.

Tours euer affected,
Ro. Armin.



A nest of Ninnies.



The world wanton sick, as one sun setting on
sinne (in morning pleasures, none banquets,
after riots, nights moriscoes, midnight
modicoms, and abundance of trash trickt up
to all turbulent revellings) is now leaning
on her elbow, devising what Doctour may
deliver her, what Physicke may free her, and what anti-
dotes may antissipate so dangerous a Dolemma, shee now
begins to grow bucksome as a lightning before death, and
gad shee will, riches her chamberlaine could not keepe her in,
beauty her bed-felloe was bold to perswade her, and sleepe
securitie mother of all mischiefe, but her prayers was but
mere prattle; out she would, tucks up her trinkets like a
Dutch Tannikin sliding to market on the ice, and away she
flings, and whither thinck you, not to the Law, that was
too loud, not to the Church that was too proud, not to the
Court, that was too stately, nor to the Cittie, shee was there
lately, nor to the Campe, that was too keene, no nor to the
Country where seldome seene: shee daies her a friendly eye:
but of all into a Philosophers cell, who because he was al-
wayes poking at Fortune with his forefinger, the wise wit-
tely namde him Sotto, as one besotted, a grumbling sir, one
that was wise enough, and fond enough, and solde all for a
glasse perspective, because hee would wisely see into all men
but himselfe, a fault generall in most, but such was his, who
thus busied was tooke napping by the weale publike, who
smiles upon him with a wapper eye, a jealous countenance,
and bids him all haile mistresse (sayes Sotto) I will not say
welcome, because you come ill to him that would be alone,

21
leaf 14. a.

22

23

A Nest of Ninnies.

but Once you are come, looke for such entertainment as my folly fits you with, that is, sharp sauce with bitter dyet, no sweetnes at al, for that were to mingle your pills with sugar, no, I am all one, Winter in the head, and frost in the foot, no Summer in me but in my smiles, and that as soone gone as smiles, the bauble I play with, is mens estates, which I so tumble from hand to hand, that weary with it I see (glut-tingly and griuedly, yet mingled with smiles too) in my glasse perspective, what shall become of it : the world cur-ling her locks with her fingers, and anone scratching her braine with her itching pin, as one little regarding answers what then : marry sayes Hodge ile show thee. See world in whose bosome euer hath abundance bene powred, what thy imps of impietie bee, for as they (I) all for the most part, as these which I will present to thee in my glasse perspective, mark them well, and see what thou breedest in thy wanton-nesse, sixe Children like thee, not the Father that begat them, where were they nursed, in folly : fed with the stottin milke of nicetie and wattonnesse, curdled in thy wombe of water and blond, vnseasoned, because thy mother bearing temper was euer vntrue, farre from the relish of right breede, and it is hard that the taste of one Apple should distaste the whole lumpe of this defused Chaos, but marke me and my glasse, see into some (and in them thy selfe) whom I haue discride, or describde these sixe parts of folly in thee, thou shalt see them as cleare as day, how mistie thy clouds be, and what ranck-nesse raines from them.

The world queasie stomackt, as one fed with the earths nectar and delicates with the remembrance of her owne appetite squinies at this and lookes as one scozning, yet behol- ding what will follow, at length espies a salt blacke man, tearing like himselfe, a soole in motley, muckinder hunge, euer and anon wipes his nose, at whose girdle hangde a small black iack of a quart, his blual drafft, his finger on his tongue as if he blamde Nature that cut not the strings of it in more large manner, but hindzed by defect hee still did gesse at
wisdomes,

A Nest of Ninnies.

2

wisdom, though seldom attaining it. Well, he was gouty,
bigge. poste legged, and of yeres something many, as in the
right sequell followeth.

This Foole was tall, his face small,
His beard was big and blacke,
His necke was short, inclin'd to sport,
Was this our dapper Iack.
Of nature curst, yet not the worst,
Was nastie, given to sweare,
Toyle some euer, his endeaour
Was delight in Beare.
Goutie great, of conceit
Apt, and full of fauour,
Curst, yet kinde, and inclinde
To spare the wise mans labour.
Knowne to many, loude of any,
Cause his trust was truth,
Seene in toyes, apt to ioyes,
To please with tricks of youth,
Wrieth'd i'th knees, yet who sees
Faults that hidden be?
Calfe great, in whose conceit
Lay much game and glee.
Bigge i'th small, ancle all,
Footed broad and long,
In Motly cotes, goes *Iacke Oates*,
Of whom I sing this song.

The world ready to disgorge at so homely a present, askt
if it were possible such breathde hers to commaund, oh saith
o ur Philosophicall Hodge, heare his testis, and what an vn-
knowne habite liues in him, then returne iudgement, marke
our application.

Iacke

A Nest of Ninnies.

2?
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2?
Iack Oates sitting at Cardes all alone, was dealing to himselfe at Uide ruffe (for that was the game he loyed in) and as he spide a Knave: Ah knave art there, quoth he: When he spide a King, King by your leaue, quoth he: if hee spied a Queene Queene Richard art come, quoth he: and world knæle dotone and bid God blesse her Maiestie (meaning in dede the then Queene, whom he heard Sir William Hollis his Waiter so much to pray for: But heere is the Jest, Iack as I say, being at Cardes all alone, spying a Knave, and saying, Ah Knave art there: A simple Servingman being in the Hall waighting his maisters comming, walking by, & hearing him say so, thought he had called him Knave, took the matter in dudgin, and miscalled the fole: another Servingman moze foolish then both, took lacks part, so that in short time they two fell together by the eares: who being parted, Iack Oates gives them each one a hand, and so takes them into the Buttry to drinke: the Knight comes in, seeing the Hall not yet quiet, askt the mateer: Iack comes, He tell the Willy, quoth hee: As I was a playing at Cardes, one seeing I wonne all I playd for, would needs have the Knave from mee, which as very a Knave as hee seeing, would needs beare him Knave for company: so to bid them both welcome to thy house, I have bin to intreat the Knave thy Butler to make them drinke. I sayes Sir William, and you like a knave made them fall out. I answered Iack, and your drinke Sir Knave made them friends. Sir William laughing, departed.

2?
Newes came to Sir William that such a Nobleman was comming to his house, great prouision was made for his welcome: and amongst all Iack Oates put on his new Motley coate, cleane Buckender, and his new shoes. Much preparation, was made, which were too long to tell, for He assure ye it was one of the greatest Carles in England, unfit to name here: but the Knight and his Ladie met him at the gate to entertaine him: Sir William with a low congy-
saluted.

A Nest of Ninnies.

saluted him, the good Lady, as is the Courtly custom, was kisse of this Noble man: Iack Oates seeing him kisse his Ladie, on the sodaine gives the Earle a sound box on the eare, knave (quoth he) kisse Sir Willies wife: the good Knight amazed at this, caused him to be whipt: but the kinde Noble man knowing simplicitie the ground of his error, would not suffer it, but putting it vp, left him and entred the house. Iack seeing they were sad, and he had done amisse, had this wit in simplicitie to shadow it: he comes after and askt the Earle wher his hand was: Here (quoth he) with that he shakes him by it, and sayes, I mistooke it befoze, knowing not your eare from your hand being so like one another: Iack thought hee had mended the matter, but now he was whipt indeede, and had his payment altogether. Thus foles thinking to be wise, become flat foolish, but all is one, Iack neuer repented him.

AT a Christmas time, when great logs furnish the Hall fire: when Bawne is in season, & indeede all Reueling is regarded: this gallant knight kept open house for all comers, where beere, bære, and bread was no niggard. Amongst all the pleasures provided, a Poyle of Minstrells, and a Lincolnshire Bagpipe was prepared: the Minstrels for the great Chamber, the Bagpipe for the Hall: the Minstrels to serve vp the Knights meate, and the Bagpipe for the common dauncing. Iack could not endure to bee in the common Hall, for indeede the soles was a little proudly minded, and therefore was altogether in the great Chamber at my Ladies or Sir Williams elbow. One time being very melancholy, the Knight to rouse him vp, saide, hence soles, Ile have another soles, thou shalt dwell no longer with me: Iack to this answered little, though indeede ye could not anger him worse: A Gentleman at the boord answers, if it please you sir Ile bring ye another soles sone: I pray ye do (quoth the knight) and he shall bee welcome. Iack fell a crying, and departed mad and angry down into the great Hall: and being strong armed (as befoze I described him, caught the Bagpipes from
B. the

A Nest of Ninnies.

the piper, knockt them about his pate, that he laid the felloso
for dead on the ground, and all broken carries the pipes vp
into the great Chamber, and layes them on the fire. The
Knight knowing by lack, that something was amisse, sends
downe to see: newes of this test came, the knight angry (but
to no purpose, for he loued the soles aboue all, and that the
household knew, else lack had paid for it, for the common
peoples dauncing was spoiled) sent downe lack, and bad him
out of his sight: lack cryes hang sir Willy, hang sir Willy &
departes.

2!
Sir William not knowing how to amend the matter, cau-
sed the Piper to be carried to bed, who was very ill: and
said I would now giue a gold noble for a sole indeede to an-
ger him thzoughly: one of the Minstrels whispers a Gentle-
man in the eare, and said, if it pleased him hee would, where,
at the Gentleman laugh: the Knight demaunded the reason
of his laughing, I pray you tell mee (quoth he) for laughing
could neuer come in a better time, the sole hath madded me.
If it please you (sayes the Gentleman) here is a good felloso
will goe and attire him in one of his roates, and can in all
poynts behaue himselfe naturally like such a one: it is good
sayes the Knight) and I pray hee good felloso about it, and one
goe call lack Oates hether, that wee may hold him with talk
in the meane time.

The simple minstrell thinking to worke wonders, as one
ouerioyed at the good opportunitie, thzeo his Fiddle one
way, his stick another and his case the third way, and was
in such a case of ioy, that it was no boot to bid him make halt,
but proud of the knights fauor away he flings, as if he went
to tak possession of some great Lordship, but what ere he got
by it, I am sure his Fiddle with the fall fell in peeces, which
griened his maister so that in loue and pittie he laughed till
the water ran downe his chekes: beside this good knight
was like to keepe a bad Christmas, for the Bagpipes and
the Musike went to wracke, the one burnt, and the other
broken.

A Nest of Ninnies.

In comes Iack Oates and (being merry) told the Knight and the rest, that a Country-wench in the Hall had eaten Garlicke and there was seauentene men poysoned with kissing her: for it was his ble to iest thus: by and by comes in a Messenger (one of the Knights men) to tell him that such a Gentleman had sent his sole to dwell with him. Hée is welcome sayes the Knight, for I am weary of this so: e, goe bid him come in, Iack bid him welcome: they all laught to see Iacks colour come and goe, like a wise man ready to make a good end: What say you to this saies the Knight: not one word sayes Iack. They tinged with a knife at the bottome of a glasse, as tolling the bell for the Foole, who was speechlesse and would dye (then which, nothing could moze anger him) but now the thought of the new come Foole so much moued him, that hée was as dead as a doze hable: standing on tip-toe looking toward the doze to behold his ariuall, that he would put his nose out of ioynt.

By and by enters my artificiall Foole in his old cloaths, making wry mouthes, dauncing, & looking a squint: who when Iack beheld, sodainely he flew at him, and so violently beate him, that all the Table rose, but could scarce get him off: well, off he was at length, the Knight caused the broken ones to be by themselves. My poore Minstrell with a fall had his head broke to the skull against the ground, his face scratcht, that which was worst of all his left eye put out, and withall so sore brused, that he could neyther stand nor goe: the knight caused him to be laide with the Pyper, who was also hurt in the like conflict, who lackt no good looking to, because they miscarryed in the Knights seruice: but ener after Iack Oates could not endure to heare any talke of another Foole to be there, and the Knight durst not make such a motion. The Pyper and the Minstrel being in bed together, one cryed O his backe and face: the other, O his face and eye: the one cryed O his Pyper: the other, O his fiddle. Good musicke or broken comforts they

A Nest of Ninnies.

they agré well together : but when they were well, they were contented for their paines : they had both money and the knights fauour. Here you haue heard the difference twixt a flat soles naturall, and a flat soles artificiall, one that did his kinde, and the other who foolishly followed his owne minde : on which two is written this Rime.

Naturall Fooles, are prone to selfe conceipt :
Fooles artificiall, with their wits lay wayte
To make themselues Fooles, liking the disguise,
To feede their owne mindes, and the gazers eyes.
Hee that attempts daunger, and is free,
Hurting himselfe, being well cannot see :
Must with the Fidler heere weare the Fooles coates,
And bide his pennance sign'd him by Iack Oates.
All such say I, that vse flat Foolerie,
Beare this, beare more, this flat Fooles companie.

Iack Oates could neuer abide the Cooke, by reason that he would scald him out of the Kitchin. Upon a time he had a great charge from his Lady to make her a Quince Pie of purpose for Sir Williams owne eating, which the Cooke endenoured to doe, and sent to Lincolne of purpose to the Apothecaries for choyse Quinces: Iack being at this charge giuen, thought to be euen with the Cooke, and waited the time when this Pie was made: it hapned so the Cooke could get no Quinces, my Lady (for it was the Knights desire to haue one) sent about to Boston, and all the chiefe townes, but all in vaine, the season serued not: but rather then Sir William should be unfurnished, sent to Lincolne againe to buy by many Quinces ready preserued at Apothecaries, which shee had, though with great cost. The Knight asking his Lady for his pie, she told him with much adoe she had preuailed, but with no little paines in seeking Quinces, for she was faine to buy them ready preserued, & to make a vertue of necessity that way. Sir William seeing it

A Nest of Ninnies.

it was so, said it should be as well eaten, and sent for his Friends, Gentlemen, and others of no small account. There was other great cheare provided to furnish by this sumptuous Feast, and as he invited them, he tolde them it was a Quince Pie, which he would haue eaten: the day drew on, and the Gentiles were come, and all was in a readinesse, and still Iack forgot not the Pie, but stood faintly sicke, and refused his meate: the Knight sorry that his best dish sayled him, made no small account of his well fare, askt him: Iack, sayes hee, Where lyes thy paine? In my mouth sayes hee (meaning indeede his mouth hung for the Quince Pie) a Barber was sent for from a Market towne hard by, who searcht his mouth and could finde no cause of paine: but sir William thinking the Foole wanted wit to tell his grieve (though not wit to play the theefe) bad the Barber depart, asking Iack what hee would eate: He sayd nothing: What he would drinke: Hee said nothing: which made sir William doubt much of his health, refusing his liquoz, when it was vsually his practise, and the Knight ioyed in it too: askt him if he would lie downe: still answering no; but would stand by the Kitchin fire. The Knight that knew he neuer came there but he did some exployte, forgetting that, led him by the hand (so much he made of him) and bad the Cooke see he wanted nothing. Iack standing still, groand & sayd: If he dyed, he would forgiue all the world but the Cooke. Hang Foole (sayes the Cooke) I care not for thee, die to morrow if thou wilt, and so followed his busines. They knockt to the Dresser, and the dinner went by: Iack had a Waxes eye in the Duen: anone the second course came, the Pie was drawne, set by, & among other backt meates was to be sent by, but wanting Sugar, stept aside to the spicerie to fetch it, and Iack in the meane time catcheth the Pie and claps it vnder his coate, and so runs through the Hall into the Yard, where was a broad Hoate, and as he ran, the hot Pie burned his belly: I sayes Iack are pee so hot Sir Willies Pie. He quence. ye anone sir

A Nest of Ninnies.

Willies Pie sayes he, and straight very subtilly leapes into the Hoate by to the arme pits, and there stood eating the Pie. The Cooke comes in, misses the Pie, withal misses Jack, cryes out, the Pie: sir Williams Pie was gone, the Autho^r of that feast was gone, and they all were undone: a hurly burly went through the house, and one comes and whispers the Lady with the newes: shee tels sir William how Jack Oates had stolen the Pie. Jack was searcht for, and anon found in the Hoate. It was told the Knight where the Foole was eating it: Gentlemen (quoth he) we are disfurnished of our feast, for Jack my Foole is in my Hoate by to the arme-pits eating of the Pie. They laught and ran to the windows to see the iest: there they might see Jack eate, the Cooke call, the people hallow, but to no purpose: Jack fed & feeding greedily (more to anger the Cooke, then disappoint sir William) ever as hee burnt his mouth with heat, dipt the Pie in the water to cole it: & sayes the Cooke it is Sir Williams owne Pie sirra: & sayes Jack hang thee and Sir Willy too I care not, it is mine now: saue Sir William some sayes one, saue my Lady some sayes another: by Iames not a bit sayes Jack, and eate up all, to the wonder of the beholders, who neuer knew him eate so much before, but drinke ten times more: at length out comes Jack dropping dry, and goes to get fire to dry him: the Knight and the rest all laught a good at the iest, not knowing how to amend it. Sir William sends for the Cooke, who came up with a sorrowfull hart, and lamentably complaining, said it was the Knights fault for placing him in the Kitchin, where he neuer was but hee did like villany. The Knight not satisfied with the Cokes answer, presently discharges him of his service, and sent him to live else where: goe sayes he, trusse up your trinkets and be gone, the Cooke seeing no remedy departed.

Jack being dry by he comes, and knowing he had offended, tels a iest (for it was his manner so to doe) how a pong man brake his codpeece point, and let all be scene that God sent

A Nest of Ninnies.

sent him, or such fooleries, but that was not enough, and to chide him was to make of things worse then twas, and to no purpose neither. Sir William demaunded why he ate the Pye: because I had a stomacke sayes Iack: would nought else serue sayes the Knight but my Pye: So Willy sayes he thou would not be angry then, and the Cooke had not bene turnd away: but all is well thou art rich inough to buy more. The Knight perceiuing the foles enuie, sent for the Cooke, and did let him enioy his place againe. So all parties well pleased but the yong big-bellied woman, who perchance longed for this long looked for Pye, but if she did though long lookt for comes at last, yet they shote short that ayne to hit this marke, for Iack Oates had eaten the Pye and serued himselfe. This was a flat fole, yet now & then a blinde man may hit a Crow, and you know a foles boul is sone shot, out it goes happen how it will, had Iack kept his owne counsell the Cooke had bene still out of service, and had bene reuenged, but now being in his place againe may liue to cry quittance for the Quince Pye.

These quoth the world, are pretty toys: I quoth the Phylosopher, but marke the applyance. By Iack Oates is Morally meant, many discribed like him, though not Foles naturall yet most artificiall, they carde hence what their Parents spin, and doe such Apish tricks, that rapine, ruine and a thousand inconueniences follow. By the knight is meant maintainers of Foolery: by the Hall, the Anne where the cards of vanity causeth many to be bewitcht as appeares in the seruing men, who busie in others braules are as easily made friends as they were set together by the eares. By the second is meant reach at Stars, ayiming at honour, lighting sometime on the eare of memory, but ill taken because badly ment, is rewarded with a deserued whipping. By the third is cald to question most that musically fret their time out in idle baubling, and will become artificiall Foles to outbraue Foles indeede, but stick often in their owne quick-sands, and are got out with

A Nest of Ninnies.

with repentance. But the fourth and last shewes the detour-
ring of deuotions dyet, how euer come by yet they will
stand by to the arinc-pits in daunger rather then to lacke
their wils, to slacke or rebate the edge of their appetites :
with this the world a little humide and haide, said shee was
not pleased that such lined and did promise some amend-
ment, but desired to see further.

NOW our Philosophicall Poker poke on, and poynted
to a strange shew, the flat Foole not so tall, but this
fat Foole as low, whose discription runs in meter thus :
This Fat Foole was a Scot borne, brought vp
In Sterlin, twenty miles from Edinborough :
Who being but young, was for the King caught vp :
Ser'ud this Kings Father all his life time through.
A yard high and a nayle no more his stature,
Smooth fac't, fayre spoken, yet vnkinde by nature.
Two yards in compasse and a nayle I reade
Was he at forty yeeres, since when I heard not
Nor of his life or death, and further heede
Since I neuer read, I looke not, nor regard not,
But what at that time *Jemy Camber* was,
As I haue heard Ile write, and so let passe.
His head was small, his hayre long on the same,
One eare was bigger then the other farre :
His fore-head full, his eyes shinde like a flame,
His nose flat, and his beard small, yet grew square,
His lips but little, and his wit was lesse,
But wide of mouth, few teeth I must confesse.
His middle thicke, as I haue said before,
Indifferent thighes and knees, but very short :
His legs be square, a foote long and no more,
Whose very presence made the King much sport.
And a pearle spoone he still wore in his cap,
To eate his meate he lou'd, and got by hap.
A pretty little foote, but a big hand,

A Nest of Ninnies.

On which he euer wore rings rich and good :
Backward well made as any in that land,
Though thicke, and he did come of gentle bloud,
But of his wisedome ye shall quickly heare,
How this Fat Foole was made on euery where.

The world smiling at this Kime describing so vnſeemly
a portackt, gaue leaue to the rest, and desired greatly to be
satisfied with something done, as one longing to know what
so round trust a lump could perſorme, the poking arts mai-
ſter tells his doing thus.

Vhen the King and Nobles of Scotland had wel-
comed Iemy Camber to the Court, who was their
countryman borne in Sterlin, but twenty miles from Edin-
borough, this Kings birth towne, as Greenwich was our
late Quēnes. They reasoned with him to vnderstand his
wit, which indeed was iust none at all, yet merry & pleasing,
whereat the King reioyced, and seeing he was so fat, caused
his Doctors and Physitians to minister to him, but Physick
could not alter nature, and he would neuer be but a S. Vin-
cents Turnip, thicke & round. Wherefore the Doctors per-
suaded his grace, that the purging of the Sea was good for
him : Well nothing was vndone that might bee done to
make Iemy Camber a tall little slender man. When yet he
lookt like a Norfolk dumpling, thicke and short. Well to
Leith was he sent, which is the harbour towne of such ships
as arriue at Edinborough : nēer they cannot come, which
is some mile from the Citie. To sea they put in a ship, at
whose departure they discharged Ordnance, as one that
departed from the land with the Kings fauour : the Earle
Huntly was sent with him to sea, to accompany him, so high
he was esteemed with the King. Who hearing the Ordi-
nance goe off, would aske what doe they now ? Marry saies
the Earle, they shoot at our enemies : O sayes hee, hit I
pray God. Againe they discharge, what do they now quoth
hee : marry now the enimie shoots at vs. O misse I pray

A Nest of Ninnies.

God (sayes Iemy Camber) so ever after it was a Jest in
 the Scottish Court, hit or misse quoth Iemy Camber: that
 if a maide had a Barne, and did pennance at the Crosse in
 the high Towne of Edinborough: what hath shee done?
 did she hit or misse? she hath hit sayes the other, better she
 had misse sayes the first: and so long time after this Jest
 was in memory, yea I have heard it my selfe, and some
 will talke of it at this day. Well to Sea they put on a faire
 Sun-shine day, where Iemy stood fearefull of every calme
 billow, where it was no boote to bid him tell what the ship
 was made of, for he did it devoutly: but see the chance, a
 sodaine flaw or gust rose, the winds held strong East and
 by West, and the ship was in great danger, insomuch as
 the Carle, Maister and all began to feare the weather: by
 and by a stronger gale blew and split their maine Mast,
 and gaue their ship a mighty leake, insomuch as the crack
 made them all screeke out: which Iemy hearing was almost
 dead with feare: some fell to pumping, others on their
 knees to praying. But the fat Fowle seeing themselves in this
 daunger, thought there was no way but one with them,
 and was halfe dead with feare, in the end the winde tur-
 ned, and the raging of the Sea began to cease: I warrant
 thee now (quoth the Maister) Iemy wee shall not bee drow-
 ned: I, will ye warrant us, sayes the Fowle? I sayes the
 Maister, Ile giue thee my ship for thy Chaine, if wee bee
 drowned: beare witnesse my Lord sayes hee, a plaine bar-
 gaine, and with that threw the Maister his Chaine, who
 would haue giuen it to the Carle, but ioy of their escape
 made him delight in the Jest, and therefore the Maister in-
 ioyed his bargaine. With much adoe they attained thether
 againe, where the king fearefull befoze, awayted their land-
 ing now, and seeing Iemy not a iot lesse of body then hee
 was (onely lightned of his Chaine) how now, quoth hee,
 how dost thou man? I sayes Iemy, well now King, but
 ill had not the Maister bene, who warranted our lines for
 my Chaine, the best bargaine that ever I made, for no way
 could

A Nest of Ninnies.

could I haue been a loser: how sayes the King? marry He tell thee King, quoth he, say we had bene drowned, his ship was forfeit to me for my chaine, Carle Huntly was a witness to the bargain: and now we are not drowned, for my chaine did warrant our liues of the master: nay sayes the Carle not our liues, none but yours Iemy, our liues were as safe unwarranted without a chaine. With this the foole had some feeling of sence and on a sodaine cryed out mainly for his chaine againe, which was restored to him by the Maister, but hee lost nothing by that, for hee attayned to a suit, as the story sayes, that he had bene three yeres about. Thus the King and Nobles went to Edenborough merrily talking of their feare and welfare.

Iemy this fat foole vsed euery day to goe from the Abbey in the low towne, by the hill into the Citie of Edenborough, and one euening aboue the rest, he met with a broken Virgin, one that had had a barne (as there they are knowne by their attire) wearing a loose kerchiefe hanging downe backward, she I say cryed sallets, as thus: buy any Cibus Salletea. Iemy desirous of Sallets, calles her to him, lasse sayes he what shall I giue thee for a good sallet? faire sir sayes the wench (for shee knew him for the Kings foole, and she could not please him better then to call him sayze sir) you giue me an atchison now he hauing nothing but fire French Crownes about him, canst thou change mee a Crowne sayes he? yea sir sayes shee: he giues her a French Crowne, & she gaue him a sallet for it, & shee went her way.

29

Iemy thinks it was much to giue a crowne for that, for which she did demand but an atchison: which in our money is but three farthings he runnes after and sayes, she had his sayzeest crowne, but sayes he giue mee that and take your choyce of these: thinking by that deuise to get the first Crowne againe. Will ye chaunge sayes the lasse? I sayes the foole: so she takes all the five and giues him one againe, and so laughing at his folly, goes her way, it was in vaine

29

A Nest of Ninnies.

to exclaime, for they will hold fast what they get: but my fat soles goes home to eat his Sallet, and invites the King to a deere dish, and made him laugh heartely at the jest: The King calles for Viniger to his Sallet, because his sweet meate should haue sower sauce, and perswaded him it was well bought, otherwise if the soles had repented his bargaine, it was his manner to cry for his money againe, yet with it all the Court could not quiet him.

Betwixt Edenborough Abbey the Kings place & Leeth, there stands an even plaine greene Meddow, in which the King vsed most of his sports: amongst which hee rode thither one day to run at the Gloue, or the King, as his Grace should please. With him rides Iemy Camber on a trotting Mule: it was then a meruailous hot day. (saies Iemy) how cold the weather is (so wise hee was that hee scarce knew hot from colde. No sayes the King it is hot, looke how I sweat. No sayes Iemy the Sonne blowes very colde. No sayes the King, the winde shines very hot. The Foole was almost angry to be crossed and said, hee would be hanged at night if hee did sweat that day: with this merry talke they rode on: but one of the Kings footemen hearing this, told the King at their returne hee would make his Grace laugh hartely: so the King very gallantly ranne that time, and neuer mist the gloue, and so did the Lords: which Iemy seeing said it was nothing to doe: The King bad him runne, he did so: but the Gloue lay still, and Iemy could not doe it.

The Kings footman (that watcht to do him a good turne) said, Iemy could doe it better blindfold: what can he quoth the King, I will neuer beleue it: you shall see else quoth he, whereat Iemy marueiled much that without sight a man could doe that which with all his might and sight he could not doe, was desirous to make tryall, so was blinded with a scarfe, while another tooke vp the gloue, and was ready for the jest: Iemy runs, now for my Maistris saies hee, they
all

A Nest of Ninnies.

all about aloud & cry rarely well done, and one vnblindes him, while another puts the glove on the speare. So simple hee was, that he thought it was strange, & bragged all that day not a little, the king did alight and went to drinke wine at the Lord Humes house, and Iemy went with him, while the footeman had time to worke his will, and mingling a conceit with butter (which I will not name, least some one should practise the like) clapt it vnder the saddle, and as they rode to Edenborough, sayes the King what say you to the weather now Iemy? mee thinks it is hotter then it was: nay it is colder sayes he, for I begin to sweate.

The trotting of this Hule made the mingled confection lather so, that it got into his breeches, & wrought vp to the crowne of his head, & to the sole of his foote, and so he sweate profoundly: still he wipt and he wipt, sweating more and more, they laught a good to see him in that taking: now you must be hanged quoth the King as your bargaine was, for you sweate very much: what remedie sayes hee, I am content to be hanged but while I liue after, I le neuer be leue cold weather will make on sweate: no more will I sayes the King, but hot weather will. Hot or cold, sayes Iemy, I am warme now I am sure, I would I were ouer head and eares in some riuer to coole mee. So simple he was that he knew not whether it was the sunne or the winde made him sweate: at night the King caused him to be washt and perfumed, yet he was scarce sweate twentie dayes after. Thus this fat soles chaff, but not in his owne grease.

Iemy, who was as you haue heard, a tall low man, and was swift of foote, on a time challenged the Kings best foot-man, for a wager to run with him from the Abbey by the hil to Cannegate (which stand entring to Edenborough, as Ludgate doth to London, and the Kings place about Temple-barre) the King being told of this challenge, thought it would be good sport to see it performed, still perswaded Iemy to dare his Foote-man, who before denyed him

A Nest of Ninnies.

him, and knew Fowles would talke any thing though far vnfit to perfoyme any thing. Still the King would say hee was made nimble to runne, and askt euery Noble-mans iudgement, who likewise soothed the King: it was so that they made him beleue hee was swift of foote, that I think Iemy in the end perswaded himselfe, that none but fat men could run well, and nimble men being light would fall soonest, considering that light things being of smal substance not feeling themselves, would surely fall. But here is the sport, the Foote-man seeing it was the Kings pleasure to see the wager tryed, dared him, which made Iemy mad, that he would run with him from Edenborough to Warwickke (which was forty myles) in one day, a thing as vnpossible as to pull downe a Church in one houre, and to build it againe in another: for Iemy was lost in the kings company once of purpose, but fīue myle from the Cittie, at the Earle Mortons castle at da Keth, and they thought hee would neuer haue come home againe: when the King heard euery houre hee was comming, and still as hee intreated euery passenger to let him ride, by the kings watch in the high way, they had warning giuen to the contrary: for he was seauen dayes going fīue myle: then iudge how long he would be a running fortie: you will muse how hee did for meate all the time: He tell you hee fasted all day, and went supperlesse to bed, but being in his first sound sleepe, meate was brought and laide by him, and a Choppin of Wine (for so they call it there) which made him at his comming to Court tell the King, heauen was gentler then earthly men would shew him no fauour, neyther to ride nor feede him, when he was enery night cast into a sound sleepe, then when he wakt hee was sure of meate from heauen to feede on: when the meate came from the Kings kitchin at Edenborough Abbey.

But to goe forward with our challenge, the king said the first word should stand, and on Iemies head he laid a thousand marks: the Lady Carmichell that laught to heare all
this

A Nest of Ninnies.

this wagered as much on the Foote-mans head : the day was appointed the next morning, being Thursday, to begin at five a clock in the afternone in the cole of the evening and every one to his race must make him ready. Iemy as he had seene the kings Foot-men do, washt his feet with Beere, and soakt them in Butter, so all that night and the next day there was nothing but Iemy and his provision to that great iourney. The time came, Iemy was stript into his shirt, trust round for the purpose : the footman and hee begins to runne : the Footeman makes shew of great laboꝝ, and the Foole made the substance, for he was quickly in a sweat : they pult and they blowde, they ran as swift as a pudding would creepe. Iemy thought himselfe no smal soole to out-run the Foot-man, and did in his minde assure himselfe to win : the King laughes to see the toyle hee made, and the Foot-man made great shew and little paines. By and by Iemy calls for drinck, and the King loath hee should haue any harme with labour, caused him to haue a mixed drincke to cast him into a sleepe : who when he had drunck, as hee ran on his wager, he dropt downe in the streete, as heauy as if a leaden plummet that makes a Jack turne the spit, had fallen on the earth dab : there hee slept, and was carryed by commaund to the top of the hill, and laid downe againe : there hee slept halfe an houre, and when he wakt he remembred his iourney : seeing people still about him, vp he gets, away he iogs, and neuer lookes behinde him : and seeing Cannegate so nere him, had not the wit to wonder how hee came there, but laid hold on the ring of the gate, and staid to bee seene. By and by the foot-man comes sweating, with water powred on his face and head : O my heart, sayes hee : O my legs sayes Iemy, I will not doe so much for all Scotland againe. Well, Iemy cryes victoꝝ, victoꝝ : and there was the kings Coach at hand, to carry him home, for of himselfe hee could neuer haue gone, had his life lain on it. But when hee came home, the bragges hee made, the gloꝝy hee got, how hee out-ran the
Foot-

A Nest of Ninnies.

Foote-man (and ran so easily as if he had bene a sheepe) was wonderfull: & it was sport enough for the King a month after to heare him tell it. Well the King wonne the wager hee thought, and that was honour sufficient for him: not three dayes after hee had the King put away all his Foote-men, and he would serue his turne to any place. The King thanked him for his good will, and said when his neede was great hee would make bold to vse him: so Iemy this sat sole euer bragged of this wager.

There was a Laundres of the Towne, whose daughter vsed often to the Court to bring home Shirts and bands, which Iemy had long time loued and solicited, but to no end she would not yeeld him an inch of hir maidenhead: now Iemy vowed he would haue it all. Well, she consented at last and to be short sone at night at nine a clocke, being in the winter, when shee knew her mother to bee gone to watch with a sick body, he should come and all that night lye with her: Iemy though witlesse, wanted no knauish meaning in this, thought long till it was night. But in the afternoone, this Mayd goes vp to the castle & gathers a great basket of Nettles, and comming home strawes them vnder the bed.

Night comes, nine a clocke strikes, Iemy on his horse comes riding forward, sets him vp and knockes at the doore, she lets him in and bids him welcome bonny man: to bed hee goes, and Iemy euer vsed to lye naked, as is the vse of a number amongst which number she knew Iemy was one, who no soneer was in bed, but shee her selfe knockt at the doore, and her selfe asked who was there, which Iemy hearing was afraid of her mother: alas sir (sayes shee) crape vnder the bed, my mother comes. Iemy buxled not a little, vnder hee crapes starke naked, where hee was stung with nettles: iudge you that haue feeling of such matters, there hee lay turning this way and that way, here hee stung his leg, here his shoulder, there his buttockes: but the Mayde hauing lockt the doore to him, went to bed, and there lay he
in

A Nest of Ninnies.

in durance (as they say) till morning: when the day broke
up gets the Maide, to Court she goes, and tels the Kings
Chamberlaine of the matter, and hee told the King, who
laughed thereat right heartely.

The Chamberlaine was sent to see him there, who when
he came found him fast a sleepe vnder the bed starke naked,
bathing in nettles, whose skinne when hee wakened him,
was all blistered grievously. The Kings Chamberlaine bid
him arise and come to the King. I will not quoth he, I will
go make my graue. See how things chanced, he spake truer
then he was a war for the Chamberlaine going home with-
out him, tolde the King his answer. Iemy rose, made him
ready, takes his horse and rides to the Church-yard in the
high towne, where he found the Sexton (as the custome is
there) making nine graues, three for men, three for women,
and three for children, and who so dyes next, first comes first
seru'd: lend mee thy spade sayes Iemy, and with that digs a
hole, which hole hee bids him make for his graue, and doth
give him a French crowne, the man willing to please him
(more for his gold then his pleasure) did so: and the soles
gets vpon his horse, & rides to a gentleman of the towne,
and on the sodaine within two houres after dyed: of whom
the Sexton telling hee was buried there indeed. Thus you
see soles haue a gesse at wit sometime, and the wisest could
haue done no more, nor so much. But thus this fat sole fills
a leane graue with his carkasse, vpon which graue the King
caused a stone of Marble to be put, on which the Poets
writ these lines in remembrance of him:

He that gard all men till iearc,
Iemy a Camber he ligges here:
Pray for his sale, for he is geane,
And here a ligges beneath this steane.

Is this possible sayes the world, that I should be so
serued, nay thou art worse serued hereafter, sayes hee, for
thou knowest not the following scene, but attend it.

A Nest of Ninnies.

By the Foole is meant all fatnesse, by the King nature that nurst him, by the Nobles such as sooth him, and by the Ship, the, in which many dangers are floating through the sense of sinne, and so if life were a warranted Foole, fat ones, rich ones, would giue the Chaine of their soules, that is linkt to saluation, onely to inherit this earth in thy company, when earth though it bee heauen to hell, by reason of the paines, yet the comparison auerts, it is hell to heauen, in respect of pleasures. By the second is meant the surfets of soule and body that Fooles buy with their gold, not sparing any price to please appetite, though the edge of it slice from the bosome of good old Abraham, very heauen it selfe. By the third, how the fat Fooles of this age, will groute and sweat vnder this massie burden, and purge to the crowne from the soote, though their braine perish through the preuailing practise of busie endeavour. The Mule, morally signifies the Diuell, vpon whose trot their fatnesse takes ease, and rides a gallop to destruction. By the fourth taile is prefigured the presumption of greatnesse, who are willing to out-run speede it selfe, through greedy desire. In this is showane how flattery sedes them, placing before them as in a sleepe, worke and wonder, when, to say sooth, all is not worth the wonder, their desire is more then abilitie to performe, and their practise aboue all, yet the nimble overshoot them in act, leaving them a quicknesse in will. In the fift, answere is made to the fourth when often such forward deedes, meete with backward lurches, and they are stung with their owne follies, netling very lust with shame and disgrace: it signifies Adultery in fat ones, who (aboue their owne) whozing after strange Gods make their Religion ride hackney to hell, and when shame takes them from the horse, they make their own granes & are buried in their owne shame, with this Motto aboue written

Fat fooles gather to their woe,
Sorrow, shame, and care,
Here they lye that gallopt so,
In Deaths ingraued snare.

This

A Nest of Ninnies.

This morrall motion gave the world such a buffet
that she skringde her face as though she were pincht
home, yet seeing no remedy but that the flat and fat
Fooles should draw in her Coach together, she sits in the
boote and rides on. The Crittick, reacheth his glasse to her
biew and presents the third. And this was an humorous Sir
indeede, leane Leonard, they call him a Foole of strange
and propostrous breeding, begat of enuie, and out of doubt
his base Sonne: his discription hath a straine of more won-
der, long like a lath, and of proportion little better, but giveth
his report hearing.

Curled locks on idiots heads,
Yeallow as the amber,
Playes on thoughts as girls with beads:
When their masse they stamber.
Thicke of hearing yet thin eard,
Long of neck and visage,
Hookie nosde and thicke of beard,
Sullen in his vsage.
Clutter fistd long of arme,
Bodie straight and slenderd,
Boistrous hipt motly warme?
Euer went leane *Leonard*.
Gouty legd footed long,
Subtill in his follie,
Shewing right but apt to wrong,
When a'peard most holy.
Vnderstand him as he is,
For his marks you cannot misse.

Now heare Madding says our Crittick how he is markt,
if ye meete him in your pottage-dish, yet know him. The
world tho she loved not the discription, yet she coneted his
conditton, and began to woe his report, which making no
bones of the sweet youth gave his doings thus.

A Nest of Ninnies.

In the merry Forrest of Shearewood dwels a kinde gentleman, whose name I omit, fearing I too much offend in meddling with his soles: but I trust he will pardon me, for since he is so well knowne thereabouts, I thinke it not amisse to tell it at London, that people seeing the strange workes of God, in his differing creatures, we that haue perfect resemblance of God, both in sence and similitude, may the better praise his name, that wee differ from them whose humours we read, see and heare, are not so strange as true. I say againe this Gentleman had a sole, Leonard they call him, leane of body, looking like ennie, whose conditions agree with his countenance: one time aboue all other hee lockt himselfe into a Parlour, where all alone hee playd at slide-groat, as his manner was, pences or counters he had none, yet casting his hand empty from him, fly sales he, short with a vengeance: then play sayes hee (to his fellow) when indeede there is none but himselfe: but thus with supposes he playes alone, I wagers with his game fellow, out I weares him with a thousand oaths, challenges him the field to answere him if hee bee a man, appoynts the place and all, that if any not knowing his conditions, should stand without & heare him, would thinke two I wagers were fighting in the roome.

To his play againe he sals, seauen bp for twelue pence, for that is his game still: well, they fall out, they go together by the eares, & such a burly burly is in the roome that passes: at the last the stoles they flye about, the Pots they walke, the glasses they goe together, nay the Prayer bookes they flie into the fire, that such a noice there was that the whole house wondred at his folly. perswasions wer to no purpose twyes hee would open none, till they violently brake them open, though they were of gold, and so they did, and entred the Parlour, found all this leuell coyle and his pate broken, his face scratcht, and leg out of ioynt, as a number say to this houre, that hee is a play fellow for the diuell, and in game

A Nest of Ninnies.

game they cannot agree: but that is otherwise, for in the great hall at the serving mans request he will play by himselfe, if they will not play with him: & who so playes with him, though they play for nothing and with nothing, all is one they must fall out, and if others be not by to part them mischief may be done, for he will lay it on, take it off who will: so that at his first coming hee endangered many, and now take heede is a faire thing, for few will come nere him. Thus you may see soles that want wit to gouerne themselves well, haue a wilfull will to goe forward in folly.

This leane greedy sole having a stomacke, and seeing the butler out of the way, his appetite was such, as loath to tarry, breakes open the Dairy house, eates & spoiles new cheesecurds, cheesecakes, ouerthrowes creame bowles, and having filled his belly, and knew he had done euill, gets him gone to Mansfield in Sherwood, as one fearefull to be at home: the Maydes came home that morning from milking, and finding such a masaker of their Dairie, almost mad, thought a yeres wages could not make amends: but the sole leane Leonard, they cryed, he did this mischief, they complayned to their Master, but to no purpose, Leonard was farre enough off, search was made for the sole, but hee was gone none knew whether, and it was his propertie having done mischief, never to come home of himselfe, but if any one intreated him, he would easily be won.

All this while the sole was at Mansfield in Sherwood, and stood gaping at a shoemakers stall: who not knowing him asked him what he was: goe looke sayes hee, I know not my selfe: they asked him where he was borne: at my mothers backe sayes hee: in what country quoth they: in the country quoth he where God is a good man: at last one of the three iournyemen imagined he was not very wise, & flouted him very merrily, asking him if hee would haue a stitch where there was a hole: (meaning his mouth)

A Nest of Ninnies.

I quoth the Foole, if your nose may bee the needle : the Shoemaker could haue found in his heart, to haue take measure on his pate with a Last in steede of his foote : but let him goe as he was.

A Country Plow-iogger being by, noting all this, secretly stole a peece of Shoemakers ware off the stall, & coming behinde him, clapt him on the head, and asked him how he did : the Foole seeing the pitch ball pulled to haue it off, but could not but with much paine, in an enuious spleene, smarting ripe, runs after him, fals at fiftie cuffes with him, but the fellow belaboured the Foole cunningly, and got the Foles head vnder his arme, and bobd his nose : the Foole remembzing, how his head was, strikes it vp, and hits the fellows mouth with the pitch place, so that the haire of his head, and the haire of the Clownes beard, were glude together : the fellow cryed, the Foole exclaimed, and could not sodainely part, in the end the people (after much laughing at the Jest) let them part faire : the one went to picke his beard, the other his head : the Constable came askt the cause of their falling out, & knowing one to bee Leonard the leane Foole, whom hee had a Warrant from the Gentleman to search for, demaunds of the Fellow how it hapned : the Fellow hee could answere nothing but *bm, bm*, for his mouth was sealed vp with ware : dost thou scozne to speake, sayes hee, I am the kings Officer knaue : *bm, bm*, quoth hee againe, meaning hee would tell him all when his mouth was cleane : but the Constable thinking hee was mockt, clapt him in the stocks, where the Fellow sate a long houre farning his mouth, and when hee had done, and might tell his grieve, the Constable was gone to carry home Leonard to his Maister, who not at home, hee was enforced to stay Supper time, where hee told the Gentleman the Jest, who was very merry to heare the story, contented the Officer, and bad him to set the Fellow at liberty, who betimes in the morning was found fast a sleepe in the stocks : the Fellow knowing
himselfe.

A Nest of Ninnies.

himselfe faulty, put by his wrongs, quickly departed, and went to worke betimes that morning with a flea in his eare.

The Gentleman with whom this Leonard dwelt, having bought a goodly sayze Hawke, brought her home, being not a little proud of his penny-worth, and at Supper to other Gentlemen, fell a praysing of her, who smothering by his humour, likewise sayled not to adde a toarch of fire to encrease more flame, for indede the Bird was worthy of commendations, and therefore did merit prayles. Leonard standing by with his finger in his mouth, as it was his custome, often hearing them praise the goodnesse of the Hawke, thought indede they had meant for goodnesse being farre better meate then a Turkey or a Swan, was very desirous to eate of the same: and unknowne goes downe, and sodainely from the perch snatch the Hawke, and having wung off her neck, begins to besiege that good morsell, but with so good a courage, that the feathers had almost choakt him: but there lay my friend Leonard in a lamentable taking. Well, the Hawke was mist, and the deede was found, the Maister was fetcht, and al men might see the Hawk, feathers and all not very wel digested: there was no boote to bid runne for drams to drive downe this undigested moddicome: the Gentleman of the one side, cryed hang the Foole, the Foole on the other side cryed not, but made signes that his Hawke was not so good as hee did praise her for: and though the Gentleman loved his Hawke, yet hee loved the Foole above: being enforced rather to laugh at his simplicitie, then to bere at his losses sodainely: Being glad to make himselfe merry, tested on it ever after: upon whose Hawke a Gentleman of his, very wisely wrot these lynes, and gaue unto his maister.

Fooles feede without heede, vnhappy be their feeding,
Whose heed being in such speed, attempted without heeding
May they choke that prouoke, appetite by pleasure,
When they eate forbidden meate, & feed so out of measure.

The

A Nest of Ninnies.

21 The Gentleman laughed at this rime, yet knew not whether was the more Fole, he for writing, the other for eating or he for losing Well, putting the Hare to the Gose, giblets, seeing there was no remedy, made himselfe pastime, pleased himselfe, and did rest contented.

— — HE that mischiefes many, sometime wrongs himselfe: Has hearken to this Jest: Leonard of all things loved his Wheele-barrow, and would worke all day and carry dung in it, yet would sleepe in it at night, he would set vp meate for his belly in it, & what did hee without it? Once at a Christmas time, when the fire in the Hall was full, Leonard was sore a cold, hee got coles out of the Scullery, and put them into his Barrow, and set them on fire, and so late him downe to warme him, quite forgetting it was made of Wood, and wood would burne, so in the end being warme, goes for a Jacke of Beere, brings it, and sets it on the fire to warme, so that the inside melted, and hee dranke the drinck notwithstanding: but on the sodaine hee seeing the Wheele-barrow flame that he so loved, aloud hee cryes, O mee, O mee, O mee, and takes it vp flaming, and trundles, it into the Hall, among the people to shew: the young men & maydes tumbled over one another for feare: some had their faces burned, others their legs: the maydes their smocks, yea one set fire on another, for their Aprons burned, and bring many people the flame increased rather then decreased: Leonard seeing none would helpe him, runs (for feare lest the Gentleman should know it) and thrusts it into the Barne to hide it, which some seeing, runs after, and had they not come at that time, the Hay and Straw had bene all burnt, for it was already of a light fire, but being quencht out, all was well: such is the envie of soles. who seeing none would helpe him, thought to doe them mischiefe, which he did, but not much.

— The World laughing a good at these tests, though to say sooth shee could hardly affoord it, for feare of writing her
Sweet

A Nest of Ninnies.

Sweet favour, yet straying cortesse in this kinde, did as our wantons doe at a feast, spare for manners in company but alone cram most greedily. So shee forgetting modesty gapte out a laughter, and like women hardly wonne cryde more more. The currtish Crittick said she should, and gaue her the third pennerth of the morrall, and said, you laugh at leane ennies in a long soles, but you haue cause to weepe at long ennies in a leane age, as you liue in. This soles cries not all mine, but distributes like a kinde companion, being a sufficiall glasse to gaze in. There be leane soles as well as fat, such are they whose noses drops necessitie, and they smell out for Church lands, many tenaments, bntzists sursets, looking leanelly in all this, but seede fatly in hope. This fatnesse goes to the heart, not scene in the visage. These seeme simple, but like Leonard hit home at aduantage, they can stop mens mouths and seale them vp in aduantage, and giue the stocks to the simple deseruer, when themselves are not blamelesse. Beware when you see a long meager looke, search him he hath also reaching fingers, and can slide a groat by himselfe as Leonard did, fall out, curse, sweare, and batter heauen it selfe with humour of folly. Such was the leane neckt Crane, who had the fat Fore to dinner making him lick the outside of the glasse, while his leannesse fed within. You vnderstand me madame, such are your landlords to the poore, your leane lords to the fat tennant, or by a figure one for the other. Thus they batten here, but the Diuel will gnaw their bones for it.

By the third iest we obserue a greedinesse in leane folly, that so good report come in their way these eate vp hawke feathers & all to put it by, though they choake in the deede. Whereupon comes it leane enuy I wallowes fat bits, I mean honest manners, and makes them stirril of all good meanes, as the Lawyer the poore clyants plow pence, the cittie the country commodities, that vnder shew of leannes they fat themselves to the ribs, good hold for flesh hookes at the generall waste. By the fourth and last (I would it were least)

A Nest of Ninnies.

it bewrayes a curious & common leannesse in lewd liuers, who to reuenge on others will fire their owne wheele barrow. Like the leane tenant who fallen out with his landlord, and seeing his neighbours house on fire desired his neighbours to pull downe his first, for feare of more danger, not that he loude his neighbours safety and his owne, but that hee hated his landlord. Or the contrary couetous of their owne commoditie fire themselves, and because they will not burne alone indanger their friends, and say tis kinde to haue company. These are soles indeede leane ones, these are fat at soule & make thicke doings for the diuels dyet. **World** I name them not thou knowst them well enough. At this she bit her lip, knowing some that were leane Leonards in this, but kay me Ile kay thee, giue mee an inch to day Ile giue thee an ell to morrow, and weele to hell together. The **World** dimpling her chin with meeke modestie as it were, throwing off variety of seemly niceties, began to say sooth thou saist true, there are such tricks in me, but I know not how to mende, I am willing but flesh is weake, p'ethee be more sparing, carpe but confound not, hope the best amendment may come. P'ethee goe in furnish thy sallet, these hearbs already are sauory, and I picke out to my appetite, and though I be not altogether pleased, yet am I not quite past patience, I will endure, for that disease that lessers so must receiue cure gladly, though it come with exceeding paine, yet so much the profit by how much the perplexities cries aue to the danger. **Mistis** sayes Dorro I am glad to sit so nere you, and to be thought a kinde neighbor too is more then the world affords. But looke who is here, we haue fellowde one with our flat and fat sole, disturbo by the leane. Now as in a historie we mingle mirth with matter, to make a please plaister for melancholy, so in our glasse we present to the leane a cleane One that was more beloued among Ladys then thought can hatch, or opinion produce. His name is Iack Miller, he liues yet & hath bene in this citie within few dayes, and giue me leaue to describe him thus:

You

A Nest of Ninnies.

You that follie comprehend,
Listen to my storie,
This description well attend,
I haue writ it for yee.
This cleane nig it was a foole.
Shapt in meane of all,
And of order fit to rule,
Anger in her loudest braul.
Fat and thick, neate and cleane,
And delights in pleasure,
Saue a nasty vglie straine:
Of an other measure,
From his nostrils rumaticke.
Griefe it was to see,
Such a simple neatnesse spring,
From imbisillitie.
Creatures of the better sort,
For the Foole was cleane,
Gaue him loue with good report,
Had not this ill bene.
But let slip it was no fault,
Men as sloughish be,
Since the wisest iump as short,
In all cleanlyesse as he.

Alas quoth the worlde, I am sorry trust me, that one so outwardly well, should bee so inwardly ill, and haue that apparance in nassie defect, which of it selfe is neate: but go on with the repeticion since wee are mended in the condition. Wee will winck at small faults, tho wee perceiue it great in nature. Nemo sine crimine and so forth. I quoth Sotto, say yee me so, haue at him then, out it goes, but mark it well.

In a Gentlemans house where Iack Miller resorted as he was welcome to all: it chanced so there was a Play, the
C. 2. Players

A Nest of Ninnies.

Players dressed them in the Gentlemans Kitchin, and so entred through the Entry into the Hall. It was after dinner when Pyes stood in the Duen to coole for Supper: lack had not dined, and seeing the Duen stand open, and so many Pyes there untold (hee thought because they seemed numberlesse) he sayes lack, for one of them p. p. pyes, for so hee stammered in speaking (the Players Boy being by, and in his Ladys Cowne) could haue found in his heart to creepe in clothes and all: but hee perfwaded lack to do so, to which hee was willing, and very nimbly thrusts in his head into the hot Duen, which being but newly opened, on the sodaine hee was singed both of head and face, and almost not a hayze left on his eye-browes, or beard: lack cries, O I burne, and had not the wit to come back, but lay still: the Gentlewoman Boy tooke him by the heeles & pulled him out, but how he lookt I pray you iudge that can discerne fauours, lack was in a bad taking with his face worse soule, and lookt so ugly and so strangely, that the Lady of the Play being ready to enter before the Gentiles to play her part, no sooner began but remembering lack, laught out, and could goe no further: the Gentleman mized at what hee laught, but such a Jest, being easily scene, was told the Gentleman, who sent in for lack Miller, who came like bald Time, to tell them time was past of his hayze: but hee so strangely lookt, as his countenance was better then the Play. But against night the Players dress them in another place, and at Supper lack Miller sung his song of Dirryes faire, with a barmy face to take out the fire, and lookt like the Pater of the Alefat: it was no boote to bid him stut and stammer, worse fawle as cleane as he was, hee was now but beastly faced, for hee looked like a man, that being ashamed to shew his face, had hid it in a dry lome wall, and pulling it out againe, left all the hayze behinde him.

2?
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—
Iack, on Petwéres day in the morning, was to carry a Petwéres gift to a gentleman a myle off, and as he staid
to

A Nest of Ninnies.

to haue it deliuered to him to beare, asked which was the cleaneſt way thither? A fellow knowing his cleaneſſe, ſends him ouer a dirty marſh: and ſo hee ſolde by his band (then cleane) for ſouling, that at the gentlemaſ doze he might put it on. The preſent came, which Iack ſeing, made legs to the gentlewoman, forgetting his band was in his hoſe, carried a ſtiff neck to and fro to the gentlewoman, and what ere ſhe ſpake, or where ere ſhe ſtood, Iack would look but one way, as though his neck had bin ſtarcht. And remember, ſaies the gentlewoman, you abuſe not my meſſage, nor my gift. No ſo ſo ſorſwth ſaies Iack: and away he goes, & thought he would ſee what it was, & as he went he liſt by the baſket lid and lookt: Ah ha quoth Iack I ſee now it is Almond bu bu butter. Along he goes, and ſeing the marſh wet and dirty, thought to leape a little ditch, & ſo to goe a cleane hie way, but (O poore Iack) hee, baſket and all lay in the miſt of the ditch by to the arme pits in mud, which Iack ſeing got out, and goes to a riuer by & waſhes himſelfe firſt, his band next, where if it had been about his neck as it ſhould, it had ben labour well ſaued, but he waſht his baſket of Almond butter ſo long that the butter was waſht away, which hee perceiuing, in that woſull taking comes back & called for moze bu bu butter. The gentlewoman ſeing how things went rather laughd then vext, becauſe ſhe was ſo ſimple to truſt a ſoule with matters of truſt, and bad him get him to the fire and dry him, and ſaid. Next time ſhe would ſtay her ſeruants leaſure (who then were abroad) rather then truſt to a rotten ſtaffe. Thus cleane ſoules light ſtill on beaſtly bargaines.

In the towne of Clam in Worſterſh. Iack Miller being there borne, was much made of in euery place: It hapned that the Lord Shandoyes Players came to towne, & played there, which Iack not a little loved, eſpecially the Cloſone, whom he would embrace with a ioyfull ſpirit, and call him Grumball (ſo ſo he called himſelfe in gentlemaſ houſes,

A Nest of Ninnies.

Where hee would imitate playes, doing all himselfe, King, Gentleman, Clowne & all, hauing spoke for one, he would suddenly goe in, and againe returne for the other: and stammering as he did made much mirth. To conclude, he was a right innocent, without any villany at all.

When these Players I speake of had done in the towne, they went to Partiar, and Iack I wrote he would goe all the world ouer with Grumball. It was then a great frost new begun, and the Hauen was frozen ouer thinely: but heere is the wonder, the Gentleman that kept the Hart (an Inne in the towne) whose backside looked to the way that led to the riuer side to Partiar, lockt vp Iack in a chamber next the Hauen, where he might see the players passe by, & they of the towne loth to lose his company desired to haue it so: But he I say seeing them goe by, creeps through the window, & said I come to thee Grumball. The Players stood all still to see further. He got down very dangerously, & makes no more adoe but venter over the Hauen, which is by the long bridge, as I gesse some forty yards ouer: yet he made nothing of it, but my hart aked when my eares heard the ise cracke all the way. When he was come vnto me, I was amazed, & tooke by a brick bat (which lay there by) & threw it, which no sooner fell vpon the ise but it burst. Was not this strange, that a soole of thirty yeres was bozne of that ise which would not endure the fall of a brickbat: but every one rated him for the deepe, telling him the danger. He considered his fault, and knowing faults should be punished, he intreated Grumball the Clowne who he so deereely loued to whip him, but with Rosemary, for that hee thought would not smart. But the Players in iest brecht him till the blood came, which he tooke laughing, for it was his manner euer to wepe in kindnesse and laugh in extreames. That this is true, mine eyes were witnesses being then by.

Iack Miller welcomed to all places, & bard of none, came to a Gentleman, who being at dinner, requested him for mirth

A Nest of Ninnies.

mirth, to make him a play, which he did, and to sing Derries faire, which was in this manner. First it is to be noted, he stutted hugely, and could neyther pronounce b. nor p. and thus he began.

As I went to Derries faire, there was I ware of a lolly begger, Mistris Annis M. Thomas, vnder a tree mending of shoone, Mistris Annis M. Thomas hight braue beggers euery one.

And so for ward: but the Jest was to heare him pronounce braue Beggers, and his qualitie was, after he began his song, no laughing could put him out of it. One standing by noting his humour that b. and p. plagued him, bad him say this after him, which Iack said he would doe.

Buy any flawne, pasties, pudding pyes, plum pottage, or pescods. It was death to Iack to doe it: but like a willing Foole hee sell to it: Buy any, buy any flaw: p p p pasties, and p p p pudding p p p pyes, p p p, &c.

And ever as he hit the on word, hee would pat with his finger on his other hand, that more and more it would make a man burst with laughing, almost to see his action: sometime hee would be pronouncing one word while one might goe to the doore and come againe. But ever after, Gentiles would request him to speake that, where before Derryes sayre was all his Song.

He came not long after (to this I am witnes, because my eares heard it) to a Gentlemans not far from Upton vpon Seuerne in Gloucester-shire: where at the Table (amongst many Gallants and Gentlewomen, almost the state of the Country) hee was to tell and sing, especially they entreated him for his new speach of the Pées: which he began in such manner to speake, with dzineling and stattering, that they began mightely to laugh: insomuch that one proper Gentlewoman among the rest, because she would not seeme too immodest with laughing: for such is the humour of many, that thinke to make all, when God knowes they marre all: so she straining her selfe, though inwardly she laughed heartely, gave out such an earnest of her modesty, that all the

Table

A Nest of Ninnies.

2!
Table rung of it. Who is that, sayes one: Not I, sayes another: but by her cheeks you might find guilty Gilbert, wher he had hid the brush. This Jest made them laugh more, and the rather that shee stood vpon her marriage, and disdained all the Gallants there, who so heartely laugh that an old Gentlewoman at the Table tooke such a conceipt at it with laughing, that had not the scule bin, which stood (by fortune) at her back, & was her supporter, being in a great swoond, she had fallen to the ground backward: but down they burst the windows for ayre, & there was no little boot, to bid run: shee was nine or ten dayes ere shee recovered that fit on my knowledge. Thus simple lack made mirth to all, made the wisest laugh, but to this day gathered little wit to himselfe.

This quoth the World is mere mirth without mischief and I allow of it, Folly without faults is as reddish without salt may passe in digestion one without the other, & doe better, wher both together ingenders but rheume, & mirth does well in any. I sayes Sotto so way you not the true waight, as it is sufferable to be whole so it is saluable to be hurt, and one to the other gines ayne, but to bee neither is monstrous. I would faine Morrell of it if you please. Leade was granted, for the World knew it would else bee commanded, and Sotto thus poynts at the Parable. By the first merry embleme I reach at stars, how they fire them selves in the firmament, whether it be with sitting too nere the Sunne in the day, or couching too nere the Moone in the night I know not, but the haire of their happinesse often falls off, and shoots from a blazing Comet to a salne star, and carries no more light then is to be scene in the bot-
tome of Platoes inck-horne, and where they should study in priuate with Diogenes in his Cell, they are with Cornelius in his tub. By the second, the cleane soles of this world are patternd, who so neatly stand vpon their ruffes & shooties, that the braine is now lodged in the scule, and therebpon comes it that many make their head their scule, and imploymēt is the byudge to prodigallie, made saluacie through the mud.

A Nest of Ninnies.

mud of their owne minds, where they so oft stick fast that
Bankes his horse with all his strength & cunning cannot
draw them out. By the third is figured saucie aduenture in
folly, for wisdom puts forward no further then warrant,
and for pleasure the wisest make themselves foles. To con-
clude this foolish discription of the fourth, many sing out
their times and like ideots true bozne, confound with folly
what was created more holy, flutting out trifles that out
method matter of more waight, where nissette her selfe will
let goe in laughter, though she spoyle her marriage. The
world like not this well, but bit the lip againe, but as rich
men suffer wrongs for aduantage, toke her pinnerths to-
gether, casts her eye a side, and sees a comely sole indeede
passing more statelly, & who was this forsooth Wil Sommers,
one not meanly esteemed by the King for his meriment, his
mellody was of a higher straine, and he lookt as the none
broade waking. His discription was writ in his fore-head
and yee might read it thus:

Will Sommers borne in Shropshire, as some say,
Was brought to Greenwich on a holy day,
Presented to the King, which foole disdayn'd,
To shake him by the hand; or else asham'd,
How ere it was, as ancient people say,
With much adoe was wonne to it that day.
Leane he was, hollow eyde, as all reports,
And stoope he did too, yet in all the Court,
Few men were more belou'd, then was this foole,
Whose merry prate kept with the King much rule,
When he was sad, the King and he would rime.
Thus Will exiled sadnesse many a time.
I could describe him, as I did the rest;
But in my mind I doe not thinke it best:
My reason this, how ere I doe descry him,
So many knew him, that I may belye him.
Therefore to please all people one by one,
I hold it best to let that paines alone.

A Nest of Ninnies.

Onely thus much, hee was a poore mans friend,
And helpt the widdow often in the end:
The King would euer graunt what he did craue;
For well he knew Will no exacting knaue:
But wisht the King to doe good deeds great store,
Which caus'd the Court to loue him more and more.

The world was in loue with this merry soles, and said he
was fit to the time indeede, therefore deserued to bee well
regarded. Insomuch as hee longed to heare his friscoes
morrallised, and his gambals set downe. And Sotto as wil-
lingly goes forward thus:

Vill Sommers, in no little credit in the Kings Court,
walking in the Park at Greenwich, fell a sleepe on
the stile that leads into the walk, and many that would
haue gone that way, so much loued him, that they were loth
to disease him, but went another way, & the better sort: for
now adates beggers are gallants, while gentiles of right
blood seeme tame ruffians: but note the loue that Will Som-
mers got: A poore woman seeing him sleepe so dangerously, ey-
ther to fall backward, or to hurt his head, leaning so against a
post, fetch him a cushion & a rope, the one for his head, & the o-
ther to bind him to the post, from falling backward & thus hee
slept, & the woman stood by, attending as groom of his chamber.

It chanced so, that vpon great occasion, as you shall after
heare, Wil Sommers uncle came out of Shropshire to seeke
him in the Court, a plaine old man of threescore yeeres, with
a buttoned cap, a lockram falling band, coarse, but cleane, a
russet coat, a white belt of a horse hide, right horse-coller,
white-leather, a close round breech of russet sheeps wool, with
a long stock of white kersey, a high shoo with yelow buckles,
all white with dust: for that day the good old man had come
three & twenty miles on foot. This kinde old man comming
vp in his Countreys behalfe, & comming into Greenwich,
asked the way to the Court: euery one directs him, but one
villaine Page directs him by the Court gate, to crosse in a
Boat

A Nest of Ninnies.

Boat ouer to Blackwal, and told him that was the Court. The silly old man willingly paid his penny befoze hand, & was going ouer: but some that ouer-heard their talk, hindered his iourney, and laughed at the Jest, yet pittied his simplicity, and sets him the right way. When he came in & saw such a place, he was amazed and stood gazing: which the Gard & Gentlewomen in their windows had much sport to see: at last one asked him what hee was?

The old man answered, a poore Shropshire man & demands if there were not a Gentleman in the Court dwelling, called by the name of M. William Sommers? (foz the Country hearing him in fauour in the Court, said hee was so at least.) The Courtier answered, here is such a one indeed. Foz fault of a worse, saies hee, I am his Uncle, & wept with ioy, that hee should see him. Harry sayes the man, Ile help you to him straight: foz I tell you, not any in the court durst but haue sought him, which this man did, and it was told them, hee was walkt into the Parke, while the King slept that hote day: thether went they to seeke him. All this while my friend William was in counsel with the post, and the cushion stood as arbitrator betwixt them, and the woman by as a witnesse what was said & done, at last, came these two and wakened him. William seeing his head soft, what soft post is this, quoth he: A post of mine own making, saies the woman. But she lost nothing by her good will: foz ere shee left Will Sommers, shee got him to get her sons pardon of the King, who was to bee hanged, three dayes after foz piracy: but by Will Sommers meanes he deceined the hangman. This and many good deeds hee did to diuers.

The soles being wakened, lookes about him, when he had thanked the woman, asked what newes: sayes the man, sir, here is your vncle come out of the Country to see you. God a mercy cousin, sayes Wil Sommers. I thank thee foz thy labour, you cannot vncle me so. Yes truly Sir, I am your owne deare vncle, M. William, and with that wept. Are you my vncle sayes Will: I sir, sayes hee. Are you my Uncle, sayes

A Nest of Ninnies.

sayes hee againe? I sure & verely too. But are you my vnckle indeed: by my vusse I am sayes the old man. Then vnckle by my vusse welcome to Court, sayes Will Sommers, but what make you heere vnckle: He vp and tels his comming to him. Will takes him by the hand, come saies hee thou shalt see Harry, vnckle, the onely Harry in England, so he led him to the chamber of P[re]sence, and euer & anone cryes. Awaie come for me & my vnckle, & knaues bid him welcome. You are welcome sir sayd they, the old man thought himselfe no earthly man, they honoured him so much.

But Will ready to enter the P[re]sence, lookes on his vnckle, and seeing him not fine enough to looke on the King: Come vnckle sayes he, we will haue your gære mended, leads him to his chamber, & attires him in his best soles coate, simply God wot, meaning well to him, and the simple old man as simply put it on, cap & all. Out they come, and vp they came, and to the King they goe, who being with the Lord Treasurer alone merry, seeing them two, how Will had got another soles, knew there was sport at hand. How now saies the King, what newes with you: O Harry saies he, this is my own vnckle, bid him welcome. Wel said the King he is welcome. Harry sayes he, heare mee tell thee a tale, and I will make thee rich, & my vnckle shalbe made rich by thee. Will tels the King, how Terrils frith was inclosed. Terrils frith, sayes the King: what is that: Why, the Heath where I was bozne, called by the name of Terrils Frith: now a gentleman of that name takes it all in, and makes all the people beleue it is his, for it took the name from him: so that Harry the poore pine, & their cattel are all vndone without thy help.

And what should I do sayes the King: Harry saies Will send to the Bishop of Hereford, hee is a great man with Terrill, commaund him to set the Frith at liberty againe, who is now imprisoned by his meanes. And how shall I be rich by that sayes the King: The poore will pray for thee sayes Will, & thou shalt bee rich in heauen, for on earth thou art rich already. All this was done, & Wils vnckle went home
who

A Nest of Ninnies.

Who while he liued for that deed was allowed Bayly of the Common, which place was worth twenty pound a yere. EM

Howsoeuer these thre things came in memozy, & are for mirth incerted into stage playes, I know not; but that Will Sommers asked them of the King, it is certaine, there are some will affirme it now living in Brēnewich. The King vpon a time being extreame melancholy and full of passion, all that Will could doe will not make him merry. Ah, sayes hee, this must haue must haue a good shewe to cleuse it, & with that goes behind the Arras. Harry (saies he ile go behind the Arras and study thre questions, and come againe, see therefore you lay aside this melancholy muse, & study to answere me. I (quoth the King) they will be wise ones no doubt. At last out comes William with his wit, as the sole of the play doth with an anticke looke, to please the beholders. Harry sayes he, what is that the letter it is, the more it is to bee feared: The King mused at it, but to grace the test the better he answered he knew not. Will made answer it was a little brydge ouer a deepe riuer, at which hee smyled. What is the next William sayes the King: Harry this is next, what is the cleanliest trade in the world: Mary sayes the King I thinke a Comfitmaker, for hee deales with nothing but pure ware, & is attired cleane in white linnen when he sels it. No Harry sayes Will, you are wide. What say you then, qd. the King: mary sayes Will I say a durter dauber. Out on it sayes the King, that is the foulest, for hee is durty vp to the elbows. I sayes Will, but then he washes him cleane againe, & eats his meat cleanly enough. I promise thee Will saies the King thou hast a pretie foolish wit, I Harry sayes he it will serue to make a wiser man then you a sole me thinks, at this the King laught, & demaunds the third question. Now tell me sayes Will if you can, what it is that being borne without life, head, lippe or eye, yet doth runne roaring throug the world till it dye: this is a wonder qd the King, & no question, I know it not.

A Nest of Ninnies.

Why go Will it is a fart. At this the King laught hartely, & was exceeding merry, and bids Will aske any reasonable thing, and he would graunt it. Thanks Harry saies he, now against I want I know where to find, for yet I neede nothing, but one day I shall, for every man sees his latter end, but knowes not his beginning. The King understode his meaning, and so pleasantly departed for that season, & Will laid him downe amongst the Spaniels to sleepe.

21
On a time appointed the King dined at Windsor in the Chappell yard, at Cardinall Wolseys, at the same time when he was building that admirable worke of his tombe, at whose gate stood a number of poore people to be serued of almes when dinner was done within, and as Will past by they saluted him, taking him for a worthy personage, which pleased him. In he comes, and finding the King at dinner, & the Cardinall by attending, to disgrace him that hee neuer loved, Harry saies he, lend me ten pound. What to do saies the King: to pay thee or soure of the Cardinals creditors quoth he, to whom my word is past, & they are come now for the mony. That thou shalt Will quoth he. Creditors of mine saies the Cardinall: He giue your Grace my head if any man can iustly aske me a penny. No saies Will: lend mee ten pounds, if I pay it not where thou owest it, He giue thee twenty for it. Doe so saies the King, that I will my Liege saies the Cardinall, though I know I owe none. With that he lends Will ten pounds. Will goes to the gate & distributcs it to the poore, & brought the empty bag, there is thy bag againe saies he, thy creditors are satisfied, and my word out of danger.

Who receined it, saies the king: the Brewster or the Baker: Neyther (Harry) saies Will Sommers: But (Cardinall) answer me in one thing: To whom dost thou owe thy soule? To God (quoth hee) To whom thy wealth: To the poore, saies he. Take thy forfeit (Harry) saies the sole, open confession, open penance: his head is thine, for to the poore at
the

A Nest of Ninnies.

the gate I paid his debt, which hee yeelds is due: or if thy stony heart will not yeeld it so, saue thy head by denying thy word, and lend it mee: thou knowest I am poore, & haue neither wealth nor wit, and what thou lendest to the poore, God will pay thee ten fold: he is my surety, arrest him, for by my troth hang mee when I pay thee. The King laught at the iest, and so did the Cardiuall for a shew, but it grieved him to iest away ten pound so: yet worse tricks then this Will Sommers serued him after, for indeede hee could neuer abide him: and the forfeiture of his head had like to haue bene payed, had he not poysoned himselfe.

There was in the time of Will Sommers, another artificiall Foole or Jester in the Court, whose subtiltie heapt vp wealth by gifts giuen him, for which Will Sommers could neuer abide him: but indeede lightly one foole cannot indure the sight of another, as Iack Oates the Winstrell in the flat Fowles story, and one begger is woe, that another by the doore should goe. This Jester was a big man, of a great voyce, long black locks, & a very big round beard: on a time (of purpose) Will Sommers watcht to disgrace him, when he was iugling & iesting before the King. Will Sommers brings vp a messe of milk and a manchet, Harry saies hee, lend me a spone: Foole saies the Jester, vse thy hands, helpe hands for I haue no lands, and meant, that saying would warrant his grosse feeding. I sayes Will Sommers, Beasts will doe so, and Beasts will bid others do, as they doe themselves. Will, said the King, thou knowest I haue none: true Harry saies he, I know that, therfore I askt thee, & I would (but for doing thee harme) thou hadst no tongue to grant that foole his next sute, but I must eate my creame some way. The King, the Jester and all gathers about him to see him eat it. Will begins thus to rime ouer his milke: This bit Harry I giue to thee, & this next bit must serue for both which Ile eate apace: (me,
This bit Madame vnto you, and this bit I my selfe eat now,
and all the rest vpon thy face. Meaning

A Nest of Ninnies.

TMeaning the soles, in whose beard & head the bread and milk was thick solwne, & his eyes almost put out. Will Sommers he gets him gone for feare. This lusty iester forgetting himself, in fury drawes his dagger, & begins to protest: nay sayes the King, are ye so hote, claps him fast, & though he drawes his dagger here, yet let him put it by in another place. The poore abused Jester, was Jested out of countenance, and lay in durance a great while, till Will Sommers was faine (after he had broken his head to give him a plaster) to get him out againe: but neuer after came my Juggler in the Court more, so nere the King, being such a dangerous man to draw in the presence of the King.

T
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Now Lady would sayes Sotto you wonder at this first test, do not tis common, for who so simple that being gozdogd with both themselves, will not give their friends on spoonfull, especially our kinne. I woele to make them great make our selves, & politickly rise againe by their greatnes. But hee was simple in that, for though he raised many, himselfe stood at one stay. But the deed is not common therefore may fitly be termed a foles deed, since the wise meddle not with it, unlesse to plunge further in and winde from pouertie. But leane it to the greatest power of all to remedie and reuenge, while earthly Maiestie growes great by adding liberty to their afflictions, as in our commons of late, God preserve him for it. By the second morrally, signification gives this, that foles questions reach to wirth, leading wisdom by the hand as age leads children by one finger, and though it houlds not fast in wisdom, yet it points at it. Better so then the wise to put questions to foles, for thats to put the mony out of the bag, & leane the mony behinde to bad vse, while themselves beg with the bag. Such like Will Sommers sleepe mongst dogs. The third bids vs charitably learne of simplicitie to pay our debts, when the poore credit for calls for it, but tis a generall fault, and such who have doores shut whereat the poore stand, shal find gates fast where themselves may not enter, but especially we of the laity, for
while

A Nest of Ninnies.


While the Pastor cherishes the soule, we seeke to starue the
body, but lets be mindfull least decaying one we lose both.
O the world could not indure this but offered to sling away.
May nay sayes the Cinnick soft & faire, a word or two more, &
halfe angry looking into his glasse sees one all in blew, carry-
ing his neck on the one side, looking sharply, drawing the leg
after him in a strange manner, describd in méter thus:
Some thing tall dribling euer, Bodie small merrie neuer:
Splay footed visage black, Little beard it was his lack.
Flat capt still in view, The Citties charge many knew:
Long coated, at his side Muckinder and inckhorne tide.
Preaching still vnto boyes, Aynning well, but reaching toys:
Louing all hating none, Lesse such as let him not alone,
As a liude, so a dyde: Was deaths scorne, though lifes pride.

This is singuler indéed sayes the world, I long to héere
of this dry poore Iohn. His name is Iohn indéede sayes the
Cinnick, but neither Iohn a nods, nor Iohn a dreames, yet
either as you take it, so he is simply simple without tricks,
not sophisticated like your Tobacco so fast strong, but as
Nature aloud him he had his talent. Whereat the World
so tickled her splene that she was a gog, clap her hands for
ioy, and sayes she was déepely satisfied, and cryd more. The
crooked stick of licozish that gane this swéet rellish, being to
set his téeth to it, wipes his rheumy beard, & snites his phi-
losophicall nose, snapping his fingers Barber-like after a
dry shauing, iogs on thus:

This innocent Ideot, that neuer harmed any, before I
enter any further, I will let you vnderstand in two
words, how he came to be of the hospital of Christs church:
Some certaine yéers since (but not a few yéers) there dwelt
a poore blinde woman in Botw-lane in London, called by
the name of blind Alice, who had this scule of a child to lead
her, in whose house he would sit, eyther on the stappes, or in
a corner, & sing Psalmes, or preach to himselfe of Peter and
Paul, because he delighted to goe to Sermons with blinde
Alice.

A Nest of Ninnies.

Alice and heard the Preacher talk of them. It chanced the Worshipfull of the Citty (good Benefactors to the poore) to take her into Christs Hospitall, with whom Iohn went as a guide to lead her: who being olde after shee dyed, hee was to be turned out of doore: but the Citty more desirous to pittie then to be cruell, placed him as a fostered fatherles child, and they did wel in it too, seeing hee was one of Gods Creatures, though some difference in persons.



Well, to go forward in what I promised you: Iohn went to S. Pauls Church in London, to meet with M. Nowell the Deane, whose bounty to him was great, and the soke knew it wel enough, whom he would duely attend after his preaching, for ever he gaue him at their meeting a groat, and hee would bring it to his Purse: well, M. Deane preached not that day: whereupon Iohn stands in a corner with boyes flocking about him and begins to preach himselfe, holding bp his muckender for his booke, and reads his Text.

It is witten (sayes he) in the 3. Chapter of Paul to the Corinthians: Brethren, you must not sweare (for that was lightly all his text) then thus he begins: Whereas or wherunto it is witten: for because you must beleue it: for surely else wee are no Christians. Thus the Sermon (Boy) sayes hee (as the Hospitall Boyes doe) & then one must write on his hand with his finger, and then hee would goe forward thus: The world is proud, and God is angry if wee do not repent. Good friend giue me a pin, or good friend giue mee a poynt, as it came in his minde: and so sucking bp his drinell and breath together, would pray & make an end: which being done, who bids me home to dinner now, sayes Iohn? The Boyes that knew his qualities, answered, that do I, Iohn. Thank ye friend sayes he, and goes home to his own dwelling at Christs Church. But at this time one wealthy Marchants son, to make his father merry, had him home to dinner indeed, & wil he or nill he, hee must go with him, with much adoe Iohn went, & comming into the house, simply sits him downe (as his vse was) in the chimney corner. It was in

A Nest of Ninnies.

in Lent, when pease pottage bare great sway, & when every pease must haue his ease. Iohn beholding pease pottage on the fire, thought on his Nurse, for he was all sauing for her, & seeing no body by, stept to the pot, & put a great lable of pottage into his pocket, & pittiously burnt his thigh, & but that the leather was thick, it had bene worse.

Iohn feeling something burne, leapt & cryed: they ran in to see the matter why he cryed, but more & more he exclaimed, I burn, I burn, & got out of doors, & neuer leanes til he came to his nurse, who quickly shifted him, & mended what was amisse, but the iest was to see the folk of the house who wondering what he ayled, could not deuise what the matter was: but a begger in the entry, who beheld al, told the truth of the matter, who lost a good almes for his labour. But thus simple Iohn by his own folly, died the inside of his pocket, pease pottage talony, and set a good scarlet red vpon his thigh.

CAfter Homes being Sexton of Christs Church, would often set Iohn a worke, to toule the Bell to prayers or burials, wherein he delighted much: it chanced so, that coming throughe the Church, and hauing nothing to do, seeing the bel so easily to come by, towles it. The people (as the custome is) repaires to Church (as they vled) to know for whom it was. Iohn answered them still, for his nurses chicken. They said, Wherfore toules the bel, Iohn? I know not. When dyed he: euen now. Who, Iohn? Who: my nurses chicken, quoth he, & laughs. This iest was knowne to every neighbour thereabouts, who sent to bid him leaue fouling: but it was not his custome, till godman Homes toke the rope from him, that gaue the rope to him,

Well, there stood Iack towling from foure a clock to sixe, godman Homes being from home, who was not a little vext at Iohns dilligence, but laid the rope euer after, where Iohn could not reach it:

Iohn was of this humoz, ask him what his coat cost him, he would say a groat: what his cap, band or shirt cost, all

A Nest of Ninnies.

was a groat: as he what his beard cost, and still a groat. So one Friday morning there was a Gentleman to ride down into Warwickshire, about payment of an hundred pound upon a bond's forfeiture: the time was next day, by Sun set, it was no boot to bid him pull on his boots & be gone. Well he made hast, & went to doe it without bidding, & yet for all his hast, his boots were seame-rent, and must haue a stitch or two mended: he sends them to a cobbler next to Christs Church gate in Newgate market, who was diligent to mend them straight: and as he had done, comes Iohn of the Hospitall to him (as his vse was) to carry home his work, & he sends Iohn home with the boots: As Iohn was going through Iuy lane, a Country fellow that knew him not, meets him, and seeing the boots, What shall I giue thee for them saies he, Iohn (who sold every thing for a groat) asked a groat. The fellow seeing it was a good penniworth, giues him a groat & departs with the boots. Iohn, as his vse was gaue it to his Purse. She asked him where hee had it: Hee said, for boots: but shee not knowing his minde, sell to work againe as he found her.

The forfeiture of the bond so hammered in this Gentlemans head, that he thought every houre two, till he had his boots, & mused they came not from mending, sends for them presently. One comes sweating, (sweates) Cobbler the boots, & being at worke very busie, I sayes he, they are mended and carryed home. Another comes, boots, boots. Would the boots were in your belly, quoth the Cobbler, once againe they are gone home. By and by comes the Gentleman in his white linnen boot-hose ready to the purpose. A pore of lazy coblers sayes hee, my boots, shall I forfeit a bond for your pleasure? The Cobbler puts of his considering cap, why sir, sayes hee, I sent them home but now. By whom sayes he? By Iohn blew Iohn sayes the cobbler. The Gentleman he runs home one way, the cobbler another: well no boots were to be had: the Gentleman hee stayed, and the Cobbler hee prayed, but all this while the boots delaid and came not.

The.

A Nest of Ninnies.

The Cobler seeks Iohn at his nurses where he was, and found the boots were sold for a groat. The Cobler seeing no remedy, because the Gentleman was in haste, gives him five shillings with a heavy hey ho, towards a new paire, & lost foure shillings eight pence by the bargaine: but the cobbler would neuer let Iohn carry home his ware more: nay, sayes the Cobler, if my money can be boot and ride poste so by five shillings at a time, it is no boot for me to say Vt-
nam, but the next bootes I'll make a page of my owne age, and carry home my selfe: for I see foales will afford good pennyworths.

O On Easter Munday the ancient custome is, that all the children of the Hospitall goe before my Lord Mayor to the Spittle, that the world may witnesse the works of God and man, in maintenance of so many poore people, the better to stir by lining mens mindes to the like good. Before which the children of the hospitall like a captaine goes Iohn, whom to behold the people flock apace, & the weather being hote their thrusting made Iohn extreame dry. Iohn considered he was like to fast while dinner, yet kept on his ranck to the Spittle, where the Cannes did walke a pace by his nose but neuer came at him, which made him more eager of drinke. Well while the children were placing, Iohn stood making of water, & seeing a gentlemans doore open slips in, and the household without standing to see my Lord Mayor passe by not regarded him, but hee whose nose had wit to smell good beere got downe into the Sellar, & fell to it tipple square, till he was lost & quite drunck, and layd himselfe to sleepe behind two barrels, & vnscene slept all that day. In the Sermon time he was mist. sought & not found. The afternoon came, the Gentlemans Butler with other good fellows fell to carouse soundly, till the Butler was layd by too: here was a Sellar well fraught with foales: but all this while the beadels sayled not to search by and downe the citie, the cryer cryed a man child of the age of two & thirtie

A Nest of Ninnies.

peeres, for at least hee was so old. But returne we to the seller: the two drunkards waked both together. Iohn calls Purse, Purse, which the Butler (halfe awake) hearing thought the Diuell had bin playing bo peepe with him, but when he looked and beheld him imagining how it was, he secretly sent him to the Hospitall, least he were blamed for his negligence in looking to the doore no better.

21 A number of things more Iohn did, which I omit, fearing to be tedious: not long after he dyed, and was old, for his beard was full of white haire, as his picture in christis Hospitall (now to be seene) can witnesse: buried he is, but with no Epitaph. Wee thinks, those that in his life time could afford him his picture, might with his graue yield so much as foure lynes, that people may see where he lyes, whom they so well knew, and if I might perswade, his Epitaph should bee to this effect:

Here sleepest blew Iohn, that giues
Food to feed wormes, and yet not liues:
You that passe by looke on his graue,
And say, your selues the like must haue.
Wise men and fooles all one end makes:
Gods will be done who giues and takes.

Surely sayes mistris Picetie this pleases well to see one so naturally silly to be simply subtile, it is strange, but I heare it and like a tale out of a poore mans mouth hardly credit it. This foole sayes Sotto signifies many who come to Church to meete acquaintance, more then for piety, & will sooner sell the Church for mony, then patrone ought to vnderprop it. At these the boyes and children of this world wonder, while manly age sees and will not see. For these as the second tale saies, Folly towles the bell, and a number longs to heare it ring out, when the losse of Iohns Chickin is of more want then theirs, but a rope ont it, it will one day be better. There are as Hamlet sayes things cald whips in stoe. The third
lect.

A Nest of Ninnies.

test of Iohn, shewes morrally many things, amongst which things, I meane workes, are so cobbeld that to rid it with quicknesse, folly may beare it vp and downe to the owner. While workmanship & time is merely abusive, but it boots not to meddle in this, least some say, ne futra, &c. But let me tel ye this by the way World, there are knaves in thy seames, that must be ript out, I sayes the world and such I feare was your father. And no sayes the Critticke, he was the silly Gentleman that staid while the scowle brought home his boots, & so forfeited his bond, that his good conditions lay at gage for it mary, yes say the World and was after canfeld at the gallows, for such as hee lies in wait to cosin simplicitie, and for a groat boy that, which wel got deserves a portague. At this the Cinnick fretted, and here they begin to challenge the combat, but a parly sounded, summoned them to the last taile with Iohn to the celler in the spittell. Where if they please they may carrowse freely, though they die deepe in scarlet as many doe, till they lose themselves in the open streets, such Diogenes sought at none daies with a lanthorne and a candell. Well the World so buffeted the Cinnicke at his owne weapon, that he playes with her as weake fencers, that carries flesh vp and downe for others to dresse. Such was the Cinnick, but killfull in quips and wordly flaunts, rather to play with short rods and giue benies till all smart againe, not in the bzaines, as the world did, but in the buttocks as such doe, having their Joses displaid, making them expert till they cry it vp in the top of question.

Our sullen Cinnick sets by his glasse in mallice, knits a betill brow till the roome grew darke againe, which the wanton World seeing flings out of his Cell like a girle at barly breake, leaving the last couple in hell, away she gads and neuer looks behind her. A whirlewinde sayes the Cinnick goe after, is this all my thanks, the old payment still, doth the world still reward mortality thus, is vertue thus bed ridden, can shee not helpe her selfe: and looks vp to heauen

A Nest of Ninnies.

beauen as hee should say some power assist. But there hee
sat fretting in his owne grease, and soz ought I know no
body came to help him.

CONCLUSIO.

Thus Gentlemen as the kinde hostes salutes her guests,
saying you see your chere and you are welcome, so say I.
It may bee you like it not, I am sorrier, you will say these
sallets were ill drest, like enough, but good stomacks digest
any thing, and that it was a dzy feast: the Cinnick had not
the world so much as drinck: true, a worldling right, who
as the word is, Drinck before you goe, lets the cart before
the horse and sayes, goe before you drinke, why may he not
in his cell: his betters will. I haue seene it in Gentlemens
Cellers, but I cry you mercy, there I think it is drinck till
you cannot goe. Bownce is the worlds motto there, till
they discharge the braine of all good abearing, making the
body breake the peace in euery corner, but blame me not, I
am tedious, pardon my folly, wrtting of folly, if you
knew, you would say nec mirum. Where
foze if my pardon may be purchased
then so, if not you may bid me
keepe my soles company.

FINIS.

